Ferd. *Berowne* is like an enuious ſneaping Froſt,
That bites the firſt borne Infants of the Spring.
Ber. Well, ſay I am, why ſhould proud Summer boaſt,
Before the birds haue any cauſe to ſing?
Why ſhould I ioy in any abortiue birth?
At Chriſtmas I no more deſire a roſe,
Then wiſh a Snow in Mayes new fangled ſhowes:
But like of each thing that in ſeaſon growes.
So you to ſtudie now it is too late,
That were to clymbe ore the houſe to vnlocke the gate.
Fer. Well, ſit you out, goe home *Berowne*: adue.
Ber. No my good Lord, I haue ſworne to ſtay with you:
And though I haue for Barbariſme ſpoke more,
Then for that Angell knowledge you can ſay,
Yet confident Ile keepe what I haue ſworne,
And bide the penance of each three yeares daye.
Giue me the paper, let me reade the ſame,
And to the ſtricteſt decrees Ile write my name.
Fer. How well this yeelding reſcues thee from ſhame.
Ber. *Item.* That no woman ſhall come within a mile of my Court.
Hath this beene proclaimed?
Lon. Foure dayes agoe.
Ber. Let's ſee the penaltie.
On paine of loſing her tongue.
Who deuis'd this penaltie?
Lon. Marry that did I.
Ber. Sweete Lord, and why?
Lon. To fright them hence with that dread penaltie,
A dangerous law againſt gentilitie.
Item, If any man be ſeene to talke with a woman within the tearme of three yeeres, he ſhall endure ſuch publike ſhame, as the reſt of the Court ſhall poſſibly deuiſe.
Ber. This Article my Liedge your ſelfe muſt breake,
For well you know here comes in Embaſſie
The *French* Kings daughter, with your ſelfe to ſpeake:
A Maide of grace and compleate maieſtie,
About ſurrender vp of *Aquitaine*:
To her decrepit, ſicke, and bed-rid Father,

Therefore

Therefore this article is made in vaine,
Or vainely comes th'admired Princeſſe hither.
Fer. What ſay you Lords?
Why, this was quite forgot.
Ber. So ſtudie euermore is ouerſhot,
While it doth ſtudy to haue what it would,
It doth forget to doe the thing it ſhould:
And when it hath the thing it hunteth moſt,
'Tis won as townes with fire, ſo won, ſo loſt.
Fer. Wee muſt of force diſpence with this Decree,
She muſt lye here on meere neceſſity.
Ber. Neceſſity will make vs both forſworne
Three thouſand times within this three yeeres ſpace:
For euery man with his affects is borne,
Not by might maſtred, but by ſpeciall grace.
If I breake faith, this word ſhall breake for me,
I am forſworne on meere neceſſitie.
So to the Lawes at large I write my name,
And he that breakes them in the leaſt degree,
Stands in attainder of eternall ſhame.
Suggeſtions are to others as to mee:
But I beleeue although I ſeeme ſo loth,
I am the laſt that will laſt keepe his oth.
But is there no quickere creation granted?
Fer. I that there is, our Court you know is hanted
With a refined trauailer of *Spaine*,
A man in all the worlds new faſhion planted,
That hath a mint of phraſes in his braine:
One, who the Muſicke of his owne vaine tongue,
Doth rauiſh like inchanting harmonie:
A man of complements whom right and wrong
Haue choſe as vmpire of their mutinie.
This childe of fancie that *Armado* hight,
For interim to our ſtudies ſhall relate.
In high-borne words the worth of many a Knight:
From tawny *Spaine* loſt in the worlds debate.
How you delight my Lords I know not I,
But I proteſt I loue to heare him lie,
And I will vſe him for my Minſtrelſie.

Bero.